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The Times Outside the City.

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To Advertisers.

The Times counting-room is open daily until 10 o'clock p.m.

COOL breathing places is what the world at large is generally hunting for just now.

A SCREEN law, similar in some of its provisions to that which it was attempted to pass in San Diego recently, goes into effect in Connecticut on the 1st of next month.

The San Francisco press regards the recent decision of Attorney-General Miller, regarding Chinese transit, as very discouraging to immigration to this State. It is yet to be hoped that the decision may not be maintained by the higher powers.

ACCORDING to a telegraphic dispatch sent from New York to Cincinnati ex-President Cleveland proposes to take a hand in the Ohio campaign of this year and try and defeat the reelection of Gov. Forsaker.

WE are going to have a big cooling station at Pango Pango, Samoa. The survey of the new wharf there has been made and the Government will keep 10,000 tons of coal at the wharf at all times.

IT seems that the presence of the Pope is not desired in Spain. The Spanish Government has forbidden any demonstration calculated to encourage the Pope to go to Spain, in the event of his leaving Rome.

THE question of liquor legislation is the prevailing topic of consideration in the Rhode Island papers. There is quite a general concurrence of sentiment in favor of a high license law, with a local option provision, under which towns and cities which do not want the traffic may prohibit it.

THE Trombone, in referring to the Whittier matter, takes pains to steer clear of the important points about the location; that is to say, the present inadequate water supply; also in the matter of the title, as to the contracts now outstanding. What could be done in the way of a ditch 18 feet higher, and so forth, is very easy to write about—easier, in fact, than to accomplish.

THERE is still considerable discussion among Grand Army men, regarding the order of Commander-in-Chief Warner, in view of the action of the nine Department Commanders who met at Chicago July 24 and advised the posts not to attend the meeting at Milwaukee. The Arizona Department Commander has just issued an order advising members in that Territory to stay away.

PROFESSORS KING and Black, who are in charge of the observatory on Wilson's Peak, assert that more can be accomplished in one week in photographing the heavens at that point than in a month back East. There have been but three nights in three months in which good work could not be done at that elevation. This is an encouraging fact for scientists. Southern California, with its unclouded skies, will yet be the Utopia of the astronomer.

THERE has been some talk about a difficulty between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, over the control of portions of the route of the proposed canal. It appears that there is no foundation for this rumor. Señor Zedillo, the Costa Rican Minister to Washington, who is probably well informed as to the intentions of his Government, recently said:

"It is utterly erroneous to imagine that Costa Rica opposes now, or has ever opposed in any way, the extension of the canal through the Central American isthmus. On the contrary, Costa Rica nearly a year ago willingly granted to the canal company a concession of all the land and waters of her territory necessary for the work."

NAME?

And still they come—suggestions of names for the new hotel. Mr. J. Grebe writes to THE TIMES as follows:

As there seems to be a lack of names for the "big hotel," I have a few to suggest. First—"Corona." It is true they have the "Coronado," "down below," but that being the adjective, we would have the noun, the substantive, suggesting the superior substantial resources of Los Angeles.

Second—"Hotel del Mundo" speaks for itself—the world's hotel.

Some one has proposed the name "Toltec." That bygone race has left a relic near us, historic and interesting.

Third—"Casa Grande." Perhaps it was in ages gone by the Toltec's "big hotel." All this country here—Arizona, California, Mexico—was once Toltecland.

As for historic interest, there is your name, suggestive of the dimensions and grandiosity of the "big hotel," there is your name—"Casa Grande."

A good name!

A San Bernardino correspondent writes concerning "Splendid." [Permit us to correct you:—"Splendid" is the revised and corrected orthography.] He says: This would be a very small and insignificant name for a great house, and would attract after the order of a second-class clothing store with the name "I.X.L." If you wish your big house to win and be popular with the gold-bugs of the country, why then name it "The Stanford," or "The Leland Stanford."

Still another correspondent writes:

Of all the names thus far given for the new hotel, that of "The Semi-Tropic," appeals to my taste and sense of the most appropriate. It is suggestive of sunny skies and lucid fruits, and in itself describes the climate and productions of this section and gives it distinctive character from other parts of the State. The name, whenever spoken would suggest to the frozen Easterner an escape from snow and ice to a land of perpetual sunshine.

Other correspondents, more or less facetious, suggest "Los Angeles Hotel," "The Southern," "Southern Pacific," "E Pluribus Unum," "Pro Bono Publico," "Garfield," "Hotel Unique," "Hotel Castelar," "Hotel del Busted Boom," "Hotel Fremont," and "Hotel del Outfall."

SIMILAR CAUSES; SAME EFFECTS.

A recent dispatch from St. Paul, Minn., states that 300 squatters on 6,000,000 acres of land, owned by a New York syndicate, were evicted by an overwhelming force of police and paid agents of the syndicate. There is nothing left of the thickly-populated little settlement but a few ruined cellars and some small gardens. Some of the squatters had lived as long as fifteen years in the houses destroyed, but there was no chance for resistance, and the women pleaded and cried in vain. The squatters are now located on the open ground, without shelter of any sort, crying for work or bread.

One shanty which was demolished was occupied by a widow, whose husband was injured in an accident while in the city's employ, and had died the day before in the County Hospital. She has eight children to support, three of whom are sick with smallpox.

A short time ago the Chicago papers were filled with particulars of the manner in which an Irish landlord in Illinois rackrented the tenants on his vast estate, pitilessly evicting those who could not promptly pay their dues.

These things happen in free America. Had they happened in Ireland, the press of the country would be filled with bitter denunciation. Here they scarcely attract a passing comment. What do they prove? That great wealth, in every country, has a tendency to harden the heart and suppress humane feeling. That the United States, priding by the example of other countries, may be on its guard against the concentration of wealth in a few hands.

REGULATING THE PEDDLERS.

A law which has just gone into effect in Maine has caused considerable excitement among the large class of persons affected, and as it may perhaps be copied by other States, a glance at its provisions will be of some interest throughout the union, even in distant California.

The law in question limits the privilege of peddling to American citizens of good moral character. Two purposes were in view in the enactment of the law; one, the protection of local tradesmen, who, as taxpayers and rent-payers, are entitled to some consideration as against irresponsible wanderers; and the other the protection of citizens, and especially of women, from peddlers who are menacing or insulting, or possibly are thieves, who adopt this plan for acquainting themselves with the interior of houses which they intend to rob. The law exempts commercial travelers selling goods by sample to dealers only, and it exempts from the payment of license fees sick or disabled soldiers or sailors.

It also allows a person to sell without license "fruit grown in the United States, fruit trees, provisions, live animals, brooms, agricultural implements, fuel, newspapers, books, pamphlets, agricultural products of the United States, the products of his own labor or the labor of his family, any patent or his own invention, or in which he has become interested."

Such provisions eliminate from the law any features which might be termed a hardship, and commend it to the attention of other States.

THE THREE AMERICAS EXPOSITION.

New York is struggling to capture the Three Americas Exposition, to be held in 1892, in celebration of the 400th anniversary of Columbus's discovery, which exposition it is now proposed to hold in Washington. The Washington press, however, is presenting very cogent reasons why the Exposition should be held at the National Capitol. Alexander D. Anderson, the Secretary of the Board of Promotion of the Exposition, makes, among others, the following points in its favor:

"As it is neither a manufacturing nor commercial city it has no foreign commerce, hence New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, Nashville, Richmond, Savannah, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Salt Lake, and other industrial cities will derive the real benefits of the Three Americas Exposition. With the Exposition located at Washington, which is neutral ground, the various cities mentioned will have an American trade, which is one of the fundamental ideas of the movement, whereas if

located in a manufacturing city that place would have an undue and unfair advantage."

It is further argued that, at the National Capitol, there is an exposition nucleus or plant to commence with, which has already cost over \$50,000,000, that is to say, the National Museum, Smithsonian, Washington Monument, the Capitol buildings, the Patent office and the various department buildings, with their relics, treasures of art and practical workings of the Government, which are all practically an exhibit and constant source of attraction to visitors.

The Exposition is intended to be a permanent one, and its establishment at the National Capitol would add largely to the attractions of the city. It certainly seems that Washington is the proper site for this enterprise, from which much good is expected to accrue to the Nation at large.

Mr. BALLOU, the celebrated author and traveler, recently returned to Boston from a long trip to Alaska, where he has been taking notes preparatory to writing a book on that region. He told a representative of the Boston Traveller that he was enthusiastic about the present prosperity and future promise of this far northwestern portion of our country.

Mr. Ballou says that the general conceptions of Alaska are erroneous. The sea which lines its shores is so full of fish as to be a never-ceasing marvel. Bering Sea is an immense reservoir of codfish, rivaling Newfoundland. The hills and valleys of the islands and mainland support more fur-bearing animals than can be found on any other part of the continent. Sitka, says Mr. Ballou, is warmer than Portland, Me., and the winters are milder than those of Boston. The Treadwell gold mine, on Douglas Island, will send \$2,000,000 worth of pure gold to the mint at San Francisco during the present year.

It is a curious contrast to present temperance legislation that Massachusetts by statute, less than one hundred years ago, exempted from taxation for five years "all brew houses wherein shall be made 100 barrels of ale or beer annually." The reason for this exemption was that these manufacturers afforded a market for barley, and thus promoted husbandry, besides furnishing a valuable article for export. A further reason will sound strangely to temperance people now. It was that the wholesome qualities of these malt liquors are promotive of public health, and that they are the best means of preventing excessive use of spirituous liquors. Notwithstanding the statements of Prohibitionists, statistics show that per capita the use of strong liquors in this country is much less than it was in the olden time.

SECRETARY PROCTOR has been requested to take some action in the matter of Capt. Armes accepting the gold medal sent by Pennsylvania admirers for pulling the nose of Gov. Beaver, but the Secretary has concluded not to interfere in a matter over which he has no control.

The energy and enterprise displayed by the public in suggesting names for the new hotel is altogether admirable. We only trust that this energy and enterprise will not suddenly cease when the subscription list comes round. Apropos of this naming business, the old saw is appropriate, "First catch your hare," etc.

THE New York World has this unkind thing to say about California wines:

There is more headache and alcoholic delirium in a bottle of California wine than there is in a pint of Old Medford rum.

Railroad Notes.

F. H. Gilbert has resigned his position as private secretary in Dan McCall's office, and has accepted a place in Col. E. E. Hewitt's office, at the Wolfkill depot.

The Southern Pacific Company has fixed the fare from all California points to the G.A.R. encampment at Milwaukee at \$57.90 for the trip.

Henry Steere, district passenger agent for the Southern Pacific Company, has returned from a trip through the southern country.

B. Pinkerton, of the auditor's office in the Santa Fé Company has resigned and leaves today for Portland, Or., where he will take a clerkship in the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's office.

J. H. Foderingham and wife will leave today for New York. Mr. Foderingham is a clerk in the freight department of the Santa Fé Company, and goes on a 30 days' vacation.

Again in Trouble.

Mary Lassamb, an old chronic drunk, got on one of her periodical "tears" last night, out on the Mission road beyond the Macy-street bridge, and was making night hideous with her yells and shrieks, when the patrol wagon was telephoned for, and she was taken to the police station and locked up.

Highly Complimentary.

The Ojai Valley News, published at Nordhoff, has the following complimentary notice of the new Chief:

"We add our testimony to those who declare the election of Mr. Glass to be a measure. Mr. Glass was efficient, sober and impartial in the discharge of his duty, in several public offices of our native town in Indiana, and Los Angeles will profit by his election."

Inexpressible Gail.

The Tribune has the inexpressible gail to assume that its suggestions were carried out in action taken by Supervising Architect Windrim and Gen. Vandever in the matter of the Federal building. It is hard to compass a greater feat of pure effrontery than this. That journal's fight was to have the work stopped outright and the site removed, with the result of a conspicuous failure.—Herald.

A Cossack Giantess.

The sensation of Berlin is just now a young Cossack giantess who is being exhibited at the popular "Passage Panopticon." The girl, who is 11 years old, is nearly 9 feet high; she weighs 250 pounds, and is still growing very rapidly. She is very pretty, with large, dark eyes and a pleasant face, and in the national costume of the Don Cossacks, which consists of a red skirt, blue jacket, long apron embroidered in gold, and necktie of many colors, she captures everybody's heart.

THE READY RUSH.

A British Sealer Seized in Bering's Sea.

Parents of the Chiclo Victims Visit the Scene of the Tragedy.

Doubts Expressed as to Whether Bierce Shot Himself.

Fatal Affray Between Mexicans Near San Jose—A San Franciscan's Death Under Peculiar Circumstances.

By Telegram to THE TIMES.
 VICTORIA (B. C.), July 28.—[By the Associated Press.] The British schooner "Triumph" arrived this afternoon from Bering Sea with the intelligence that the American cutter Rush had seized the British schooner Black Diamond in Bering Sea. The Black Diamond had taken 139 seals. A prize crew was put aboard and she was ordered to proceed to Umanak Alaska forthwith.

The commander of the Rush intended seizing the Triumph, but let her go as she had not taken any skins in Bering Sea. The news of the capture has caused great excitement, and further news is anxiously looked for.

TWO STRICKEN FATHERS.

Paul Hubbs and Ambrose Bierce Pay a Sad Visit to Chiclo.

CHICLO, July 28.—[By the Associated Press.] Paul Hubbs, father of the young man murdered here on Friday, reached here last evening and took his son's body to Stockton this morning for burial. He is very much affected. To an Associated Press reporter he stated that he had tried to persuade his son to remain at home with his wife, but he was determined to return here. Young Mrs. Hubbs accompanied him and will reside in future there.

Ambrose Bierce, accompanied by C. H. Kaufman of a detective bureau of San Francisco, arrived here this evening. Bierce was much broken down over the affair, and refused to see reporters to ascertain full particulars of the shooting and to investigate whether the bullet through young Bierce's temple was inflicted by himself or not. There is considerable discussion over the matter, and it will take a full investigation by the coroner's jury to determine it.

Kaufman stated that young Bierce was not quite 15 years of age, and was a native of Bristol, England. He gave his age on application for a marriage certificate as 21 years. The body was taken in charge by the father and put on board the Oregon Express for San Francisco, where it will be placed beside his mother's remains. Mr. Barney will probably be released from arrest tomorrow.

WAS IT MURDER?

A San Franciscan Dies Under Peculiar Circumstances.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—[By the Associated Press.] Capt. Henry J. Pippey, a well-known junk dealer of the city front, died early this morning at the receiving hospital. Last night he was booked at the city prison as a simple drunk and his death this morning caused an investigation. Eye-witnesses have now been found who state that while he was walking along Sacramento street, he overtook three hoodlums abusing a Chinaman. He shielded the Chinaman, when one of the hoodlums slipped up behind and shot him a bullet in the head. He fell instantly. Some boys near by secured what was left of him and carried him to the hospital, where he died.

The police are making an investigation into the matter, and are looking for the three hoodlums. Efforts to revive him, however, were unsuccessful and finally the policeman took him to the receiving hospital, where he died. What struck him without having regained consciousness. Officer Dwyer, who brought Pippey to the City Prison, made an investigation and as a result found that Pippey and his friend, Harry Horstman, visited nine water-front saloons in three hours on Saturday afternoon, and drank whisky in each place. He therefore thinks Pippey's death due to alcoholism. The bruise on the head, he says, could not have caused his death.

A FARMER'S CRIME.

A Noted Fresno Rancher Convicted of Perjury.

FRESNO, July 28.—[By the Associated Press.] The jury in the case of Willie Gates, charged with perjury, returned a verdict of guilty this morning, after having deliberated 24 hours. Willett is one of the wealthiest ranchers in the county. The crime for which he was convicted dates back to 1887, when, during the trial of a civil case wherein he was defendant and J. M. Kirkpatrick plaintiff, and in which plaintiff claimed \$25,000 for the seduction of his daughter, Mollie Carrick, Gates swore that he was not present at a house with that girl on the date claimed.

IN SELF-DEFENSE.

Fatal Result of a Quarrel Between Two Miners.

SAN JOSE, July 28.—[By the Associated Press.] Aureliano del Real shot and killed Evaristo de la Torres, alias Juan Fernandez, at New Almaden this morning. Both are Mexicans and had been working in the mines about six months. Last night they quarreled about the paper currency issued by the storekeeper. This morning they met in a saloon in the Mexican camp, and a quarrel was renewed. De la Torres drew a butcher knife and pursued Real some distance, when the latter stopped and shot Torres twice through the body, killing him instantly. Real gave himself up, claiming that he had acted in self-defense.

GREEDY FLAMES.

Disastrous Results of the Fires Near Santa Barbara.

SANTA BARBARA, July 28.—[By the Associated Press.] The result of the fire yesterday and last night is found to be more disastrous than at first supposed. The residences of Tollis, Dinsmore, Humphreys, Patterson, Kimberly, Van Grassel, Crawford, Hiller, Mesick, Licht and two others, with furniture, besides a number of barns, a large quantity of hay and a number of horses and cattle, were burned. Several persons barely escaped with their lives. The loss will reach fully \$50,000; partly insured.

Timber Fires in Montana.

HELENA (Mont.), July 28.—The timber fire is still raging near Monroe's Switch, Elk Park, and is threatening the railroad bridges in that vicinity. A passenger train was compelled to cut the engine loose below Elk Park and run it to the bridge to assist in fighting the fires away from the bridge. Reports from several points indicate fires of a serious nature.

A Chance for Astronomers.

SAN JOSE, July 28.—Joseph A. Donohoe of Menlo Park has offered to the Astronomical Society of the Pacific to establish a medal and fund, to maintain such medal in perpetuity, to be given to the first discoverer of every unexpected comet and to the first person making a precise observation of a telescopic periodic comet at one of its expected returns.

Damaged But Not Destroyed.

HAMMOND (Ind.), July 28.—Hammond's packing house was not totally destroyed by last night's fire. The loss was only \$30,000.

THE SOLE HEIR.

A Chicago Boy Inherits a Fortune in California.

CHICAGO, July 28.—[By the Associated Press.] The Inter Ocean says: F. C. McCloud, a young man in the employ of the Burlington road, left last evening for San Francisco to take possession of an estate valued at \$2,000,000 left him by his mother. His mother, it seems, was divorced from McCloud, Sr., in 1887, and was afterward married to a civil engineer named Jewett. Mr. Jewett moved to California, and he made considerable money in mining, and afterward became superintendent of the Consolidated Virginia mine. Later he was accidentally killed, and the widow married again two years later, this time espousing E. C. Cook. The couple made a great deal of money in mining stocks and lived in Sacramento for several years. From there they removed to San Francisco, where they resided during the remainder of their lives.

McCloud saw her boy while on a visit to the East several years ago, but since then they had held no communication. The first information was imparted to him by a lawyer, who informed him that his mother was dead, and that he was the sole heir.

An Overland Express Derailed.

ALBANY (Or.), July 28.—Late this evening the overland express, which left Portland at 6 o'clock this evening, ran into an open switch and was derailed. No lives were lost. The engineer and fireman were badly, though it is thought not fatally, scalded. The engine is a total wreck. The baggage car was disabled. It is thought the engine was derailed.

UP IN WASHINGTON.

Tacoma Enjoying a Sort of Quiet Boom.

TACOMA (Wash.), July 28.—[Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Tacoma, otherwise the "city of destiny," is now experiencing what may be termed a "quiet boom." The recent burning of the business portion of Seattle has given this place quite an impetus in every branch of business, and it has also flooded the town with an idle class who are kept industriously at work looking for places. In fact, every trade, profession and business, from that of bootblack and real-estate "steerer" to the banking business, is overdone and overcrowded to a point where competition means a rivalry almost ruinous. The buildings in course of construction are of a substantial nature, mainly brick; yet this is the "home" of the lumber business. Judging from these improvements, it is not likely that the town will grow to the size of the people, or the people accumulate too rapidly for the town, yet the rivalry is sharp.

A large immigration comes in from overflooded Portland and from San Francisco, and the Canadian Pacific railroad brings a large number of the adventurous and speculating class from the far East, and from along the line of the sterile section through which it runs. The Canadian Pacific is getting, however, the bulk of the Puget Sound traffic; also, a very large share of the Pacific Coast business. The other Pacific charges \$70 per passenger from this place to St. Paul; the Canadian Pacific charges only \$55. The reduction of freight rates over Canadian is in about the same proportion. This cut into the business of the northern Pacific, or Oregon and California, making things lively for the Sound towns that have been choked and held back so long by this railroad highway robbery trust, and the "railroad towns" are not having it their own way so much now as formerly.

The country between this place and Portland has improved wonderfully within the past few months. On the line of railroad, about 150 miles, I noticed a large number of "new towns"—not towns of stakes, containing a real-estate office, a hotel and saloon, but towns of streets and no streets. What struck me strangely was that the towns are built in the woods. Actually the residences and business houses of these new Oregon and Washington towns are built in the forests. There are no streets, but little foot-paths lead from the saloon to the hotel, or the real-estate office, or from one place to another, and where there is no "commerce" or travel, the undergrowth is not cut down.

But, these typical far northwestern towns are alive to the necessity of progress. On the store, nearest the railroad station, is seen a canvas, covering one side of the building, in which is given everything about the town and county that the most inquisitive land-seeker would want to know. The enterprising real-estate agent also emblazons upon the entire side of his wooden shanty, the fact that he keeps "flasks already filled," and "flasks filled on moment's notice," evidently believing that the Democratic party is immigrating. Many of these little towns are the outcome of the lumber business—habited mainly by lumber-mill men. Yet, a great many are built from a growing necessity of the country. Its rapid settlement demands new towns; and, instead of there being more towns than people, as was the case in the early days of Southern California's boom, there are enough people to justify the towns, and they will last. They have got the people, and now are building the towns for the accommodation, or rather convenience, of the agricultural settlers and lumber-millmen. The forests are being rapidly denuded of timber, and the various lumber trusts are reaping a rich harvest, and in a few years will practically exhaust the supply, if they are permitted to continue their vandalism at the present rate.

A Boom Strikes Anaheim.

Dr. J. Pfenniger closed the sale of 75 feet of his superb property cornering on Center and Adelaide streets to Mr. J. H. Stagg, last Monday, the consideration being \$1200 cash. Mr. Stagg announces that he will shortly begin the erection of a \$2000 residence, and also a business block, on his purchase. This is an important sale, and the beginning of what knowledge may point to new building and business life in Anaheim.

Historical Injustice to Logan.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] Messrs. Nicolay and Hay are undoubtedly mistaken in their intimation that Gen. Logan did not have President Lincoln's permission to come north and make political speeches during the war; and is to be regretted that they have seen fit thus to question both the military fidelity and the personal veracity of one of the foremost of American soldiers.

A Notorious Truth.

[Cambria Critic.] The editor of a country newspaper will and does grant more favors, without pay or thanks, in a month than any other business man in a year. It is also a well-established fact that he will receive more all-round cussing in a week than any other man in a lifetime. That is the reason he is not afraid of hell.

"Court the fresh air," was the doctor's advice. To do so you must feeble, yet fair; So set her cap like a rich man's son, And she easily caught the fresh breeze.—(Table Talk.)

FROM CHAUTAUQU.

A PEN-PICTURE OF THE GREAT AMPHITHEATER.

The Genial Old "Ik Marvel" Reading Some of His Manuscript Sketches—Other Readers and Lecturers—Edward Fabian of New York—Baseball Looming Up.

CHAUTAUQU (N. Y.), July 20.—[Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.] That genial soul—Tom Atherton—said long ago that all good Bostonians when they died went to Paris. To this well-known phrase I would add that all good Americans, including big delegations from Canada and Europe, come to Chautauqua before they die, if they are wise.

At our C.L.S.C. roundtable the other evening there were present members from the New England, Middle, Southern and Western States, besides Canada, and one representative from Russia. A number of students from Edinburgh, Oxford and Dublin have been here for a few days as delegates from their various colleges, and gave us interesting accounts of the work done by these great universities across the sea. I note on the register the names of several California people, also representatives from Oregon, Washington Territory and Dakota.

During the past week we have been enjoying a series of readings, the original manuscript by Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), who has become famous in the literary world by his quaint, bright books, "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," "My Farm of Edgewood," etc. Mr. Mitchell is fully 70 years of age, and so feeble that he sits in a chair as he reads in a delightful conversational style his sketches of Queen Elizabeth, Philip Sidney or Spenser, whose "Fairie Queen" he pronounces "a great personage, bewildering in its meaning," and declares that he has vainly tried to interest himself in it. "I have studied it after dinner of a mid-summer day and gone to sleep," he says. "I have read passages from it in the long winter evenings and gone to sleep. I have risen early in the morning to con its pages and gone to breakfast." He gave a delightful description of good Queen Anne, who would speak phonetically, and who played havoc with the tenses; of ugly little Daniel Defoe, of whom he said, "I think he was the first and best of all interviewers; would he had been the last."

The Yale College Glee Club, consisting of eight juniors, seems likely to sing themselves hoarse if they respond to the endless encores which greet them on every occasion.

Last week Chautauqua was somewhat shocked, to draw it mildly. A New York elocutionist appeared on the platform and created very much the same sensation among cultured, critical Chautauquans that Mrs. James Brown-Fortier did in Washington a few years ago when she produced "Ostler Joe" before the lords and ladies of our national capital. The Gotham lady in question gave several selections that were exceedingly tame, and some of them rather questionable taste. Her production of the "Statue Queen" from Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" was

WOMEN IN A BATH.

INSIDE SCENES DESCRIBED BY ONE OF THE FAIR BATHERS.

The Procession in White Regalia—Some of the Bathers—A Bride Belle of the Bath—The Plunge—Gossip in the Steam Room.

(Washington Star.)

The ladies' favorite hour for bathing in Washington's Turkish bath is from 10 to 2, before the grand promenade on the avenue, the drive in the Soldiers' Home grounds, the matinee, or the fashionable calling dress parade of the afternoon, and between those hours they may be seen trooping into the baths. All sorts of women may be found there. Fat women go to get thin, and thin women go to get fat. Plain women go with an indefinite hope that it may make them beautiful, and beautiful women go in order to preserve their beauty; sick women go to get well; old women go to look young, tired women to feel rested, and misanthropic, bilious, sorrow, malarial women to get their complexions and dispositions cleared up. Stylish women go because it is fashionable; dainty women because it is luxurious; sweet, and wholesome; ordinary women go from a laudable ambition to be clean in the fullest sense of the word.

They come in carriages and on foot; they come with their maids in attendance, they come chatting along in pairs, and they come tripping in alone; they come in the daintiest of toilets—all shimmer and dazzle and perfume, with stylish coiffures and picturesque arrangements of gauze and flowers framing their pretty faces, and they disappear in the dressing-rooms, and presently reappear clothed only in diamonds and sheets, with their hair, be it sparse or heavy, hanging over their shoulders. There is a little display of womanly vanity and taste even in the arrangement of the long white wrappings that envelop them, for while some women make themselves up awkwardly and clumsily and trip over the trailing corners, others throw the white draperies in classic folds about their forms, gathering them up in one hand away from the bare white ankles.

THE ATTENDANTS.

The attendants present the most picturesque appearance. These girls are beautiful in form, and their skin is as soft to the touch as that of a baby's; not an ounce of superfluous fat, no lumps, no blemishes, not an outline of bone or joint mars the roundness of shoulders and limbs. They seldom know disease of any kind, and are splendid specimens of physical strength and symmetry. Their hands are never exposed to any other kind of work, and are soft as velvet, supple, firm and exquisite in touch.

SOME OF THE BATHERS.

These scantily clad apparitions flit along the corridors leading to the bath-rooms, and after them scurry the white and muffled white figures of the bathers, who seat themselves about the heated rooms in constrained silence, like the first arrivals at a wedding feast. There is the nervous woman, who comes flying in with a little bolt of smelling salts, and sits anxiously on the edge of the chair, exclaiming that she knows that she can never stand the baths; that the doctor has ordered them, and that she knows she hasn't strength to endure them, and she calls for an attendant to tell her all about it, and interrogates her neighbor to know if she isn't getting pale, as though even a corpse could be pale in a room at that temperature.

Then there is the talkative woman, who has a little bit of rheumatism or neuralgia in her shoulder, and she tells all the other women about it, entering into the minute details with delightful eagerness; just what the doctor said, and what all the old ladies said, etc., ad infinitum.

Then there is the fussy woman, who exclaims about the heat, and says she is all burning up, and in a flash something is wrong, and wants a drink, and wants her handkerchief, and wants her head cooler, asks half a hundred questions, and finally fidgets herself into a fever.

The shy little new-comer over in the corner, demurely wrapped up to her chin, even her hands tucked out of sight, smiles softly at the scene and wonders if the frolics across her nose will melt off the habits of the place.

place lean back, leisurely dreaming of their conquests, their last souvenir night's triumphs and floral ovations, or their latest and dearest lovers, while their bangs slowly straighten out, and the perspiration meditatively drips off their noses. One slender, handsome woman, with a heavy mass of dark hair tossed over the back of the chair, one white arm outlined against its shadow above her head, the sheet falling from her faultless shoulder and bust, sits with her beautiful dreamy eyes full of soft splendor, all unconscious of the perfect picture she is making in the white drapery through which her form is outlined.

THE PLUNGE.

From the bathroom they are rushed across the corridor to the steam bath, where, on the marble seats the pretty bathers sit in various graceful attitudes, with bare arms and shoulders. One of them flies up suddenly and goes to the plunge, she puts one white foot in and draws it back with a little shiver, and screams; then she tries the other foot, another little squeal; the stout attendant catches her suddenly about the waist, and away they go, laughing and screaming together. The girl comes up, choking and frightened, but plucky; and they try it once more, the attendant endeavoring to teach her the stroke in swimming. After countless attempts, which inevitably end in failure, she abandons the idea and only tries to float; but even this is in vain, for as soon as she experiences the sensation incident to floating, down goes her head, because she opens her mouth to give the funny little scream that is the voice of most women's sensations. The attendant puts an end to her fears by hurrying her away to the drying-room.

Suddenly a mammoth woman is filled with ambition, and she plunges her generous proportions into the tank. The water splashes to the brim. Up and down the tank she swims and floats, while the water beats against the sides of the tank in swift recoil, like the wave on the seashore.

Then, climbing upon the steps, puffing and blowing, she flings herself into the water with a splash that sends it flying over the railing, and makes all the pretty girls jump and "inadvertently" dip down to pull their skirts out of the way, after the manner of women, but finding only the damp sheets, they smile.

THE BRIDE.

"Georgie, Georgie, go and attend to your bride," whispered the manager. Now the bride was, as a matter of course, the prettiest girl in the place, with big brown eyes flashing under a tangle of yellow hair that fell over faultless dimpled shoulders down to her waist; but the prettiest thing about her was her dainty little feet, pink and

white and dimpled, like those of a baby, and as faultless in shape as those of a carved Venus. Few women have pretty feet, and around the room was a large collection of divers kinds of—pedal, extremities, large and small, long and short, with distorted toes and enlarged joints, but hers were faultless in form and as delicate in coloring as the inside of a sea-shell. She was laid out on a marble slab, rubbed and scrubbed and scoured, held under a shower-bath, up to which she lifted her pretty face like a flower to the sunshine, and then wrapped up in a bath-blanket and laid out on one of the little couches, her hair brushed and spread out like a mass of gold over the pillow, with one round pinky-white arm outside the blanket, the clasped hands under her cheek, while the soft, dreamy eyes, half hidden by the white lids in delicious languor, grew dark with tenderness.

The women all come out of the shower-bath with hysterical little screams and gasps and funny feminine exclamations. They are rubbed dry by the attendants, and then wrap themselves in a sheet and hurry to the easy couches.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOMS

women were chatting, eating rolls and drinking chocolate and coffee, and shouting for the attendants in impatient tones, while their maids waited outside the door to dress them. In the double rooms friends were discussing the usual vexing questions which agitate the feminine mind—dress, bonnets, servants and husbands.

"But I don't want her," was the exclamation of a fidgety old maid, which was heard all over the bath. "I won't have her. She hasn't treated me right. I sent her special word that I would be ready at 12 o'clock, and she has kept me waiting half an hour. I won't stand such treatment from any one, and—17— But she was torn off, still spluttering, by the patient attendants.

"Does she come here often?" "About once a year, but that is often enough, for she is such a fidget. She didn't come until 12 o'clock, as usual, the busiest hour in the day, and she wants more attention than two women need."

"Are many women exactly like that?" "Plenty of them. Some women want the world, you know, and every one in it to wait on them, but they don't get it here. We try to serve all alike. We give them each the attention in here they need, and no more."

"How often do women take the bath?" "Regular customers come once a week, twice a week, and some times every other day. All kinds of people come, of course, but the department ladies and invalids come oftener. Of course many wealthy and society ladies come, too, because they enjoy this luxury, which they cannot have at their own homes. The Turkish bath is a great boon to those ladies confined to their desks all day, and they know it and appreciate it."

THE BELLE OF THE BATH.

While the conversation was going on the pretty bride had aroused from her sweet slumbers and was arraying herself in the daintiest of habiliments. Over the pink and white feet were fitted stockings of silk, and around the plump shoulders was drawn a silken vest, fastened with a ribbon shirr. The corset was pale blue moire, flossed and laced with white; the underskirt a delicate blue surah, frilled with snowy lace, all the perfumed lingerie as fine as a baby's christening robe, edged with lace-like frills, the rustling white skirts a mass of tucks and flounces of lace, and over it all a wonderful combination of harmonious blending, shades of green in dress and bonnet. She fitted, and looking like a pink and white sweet pea, all a dazzle from the fluffy coil of her yellow hair to the hem of her shimmering gown. As she entered the reception-room she met her partner in life, who had just finished his bath on the floor below, and the belle of the baths was handed into a carriage and hurried away, as dainty and sweet and happy a woman as the continent contains.

Grant as a Wood-chopper.

[Judge Lanham in St. Louis Republic.] Grant used to chop cord-wood in a peculiar way, cutting the tree all around instead of half down one side and then on the other, like the ordinary axman. While President he visited St. Louis, and I went with him to his farm, and passing the spot where he once chopped wood I said: "General, the fellow who cut those stumps was a poor wood-chopper, don't you think so?" The President replied with a sigh: "That might be true, Judge, but to tell the truth, I was happier then than now. I cut my wood, hauled it to the city, got my price for it and returned to my family and was happy; but now the burden of a nation is on me, and I know no rest. Those were happy days, Judge."

Grant's Gallantry About His Wife's Eyes.

[New York Graphic.] It is doubtful whether any chronicle or romance of the days of chivalry contains so touching an instance of matrimonial devotion as that lately told of Gen. Grant. When the honors came upon the Grants like sorrows to the house of Denmark, "not single spies, but battalions," the mistress of the White House began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her—crosses—straightened. To wishing to surprise the President, Mrs. Grant, (am I right, madame?) gave way when she saw her husband and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store for him. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checkered career, and said, in a simple way: "Julia, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they might seem strange if altered." Nor Launcelot, nor Romeo, nor lover of any climate or age, ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry than those of the hero of Appomattox.

Reading.

[James Russell Lowell.] Have you ever rightly considered what themere ability to read means? That it is the key that admits us to the world of thought, and fancy, and imagination, to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments? That it enables us to see with the keenest eye; hear with the finest ear; and listen to the sweetest voices of all time?

The S. B. Exterminator in Clapp's Orchard. [Pasadena Star.] W. T. Clapp reports that the vedolia cardinalis has completely cleared his orchard of the white scale, although he cannot see them on some of the trees. He regards the bug as the greatest blessing that has been vouchsafed to this country.

LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

"No Barthel Don Most Holt."

LOS ANGELES, July 28.—(To the Editor of THE TIMES.) Replying to your article in today's issue, headed "A Depressed California Industry," I wish to say that the real causes of the deplorable condition rests mostly at the threshold of our divers railroad companies, who charge such an exorbitant high rate to the local and eastern markets that it is almost double the amount of its real value.

By having adopted such a rate, however, the railroad companies may not be aware that they cut their own throats thereby at the same time. For instance, dry wines can be bought after fermentation in September, October and November from 10c to 15c a gallon, at a fair profit to the producer, and shipped without risk, being thence the proper season to the eastern market. Such young wines can be handled with more care at destination than the generally experienced in the hands of our vineyardists, as the wine and liquor-dealers East are generally provided with better cellars. Our cellar facilities are as a rule, with a few exceptions, very inferior and don't answer the purpose to give age to wine, the natural consequence will be that the wine will gradually suffer and eventually turn sour and no more fit to take the place as a healthy wine. The result is that all such wines are offered to the distillers at a loss to the vineyardist at about 3-7 cents a gallon, and are converted into brandy. It takes from 7 to 12 gallons of this stuff to make one gallon of brandy. Now, does not the railroad company lose by this transportation at an average, say, of 10 gallons to one?

I am no railroad man, but it seems clear to me in light of such facts that they are hurting themselves, as well as the public good, the great wine industry of this country, which will afford the richest resources if properly developed, and the future destiny of this glorious country. Let the railroad companies affix their rate of 10c a gallon, or say 12c, instead of a cent per gallon, and the wine industry will feel the stimulant, which will soon tell as a German proverb says: "Wo Barthel den Most Holt."

P. W.

The Hotel of the Future.

The following description of a supposititious hotel in Florida, taken from a Berlin paper, is not intended as a reflection on the builders of the Tenth-street Hotel in Los Angeles:

"The latest American progress in building is the 'palace of the future,' being erected on the Shell Road, St. Augustine, Florida. The enormous hotel is to have a frontage of three English miles long, and a depth of six miles; the height of seventy-seven stories, will measure 3480 feet from the ground floor to the roof. The hotel will have no stairs, but five hundred balloons will always be ready to take visitors up to their rooms. No room waiters are to be employed, but visitors will be served by a newly patented automatic, put up in every bed room, who will do all shaving, shampooing, etc., to the guests by a very simple and ingenious mechanism. Supposing the guest requires hot water, the automatic will be able to call down stairs: 'A bucket of water up to room number 1,300,107,' and the water will be put up in seven seconds by a patented elevator. Half an hour before table d'hôte, instead of ringing of bells, a gun (32-pounder) will be fired on each floor to call the guests to get ready for their meals. The tables in the dining-room will be measured four miles each, attendance to be performed by 12 waiters on horse-back, on either side of the table. Music during table d'hôte will be played—gratis—by eight bands of 77 men each. For convenience of visitors a railway will be built on each floor as well as telegraph offices. The price of one bed-room will be from \$1 to \$10. The cost of this building is estimated to be \$680,000,000. The billiard room will contain 900 American, 99 French and one English table, and most of the visitors expected to be Americans, the billiard-room will be fitted out with a spittoon of 100 feet in circumference."

Mrs. Jepson.—What a poor spirited creature you are, Jehiel. I wish you would be either a man or a mouse. Mr. Jepson—I wish I was a mouse. I'd make you climb the bed post in a holy minute.

The Weather.

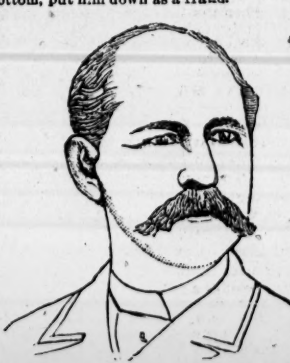
SIGNAL OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, July 28.—At 5:07 a.m. the barometer registered 29.84; at 5:07 p.m. 29.87. Thermometer for corresponding periods, 68, 85. Maximum temperature, 92; minimum temperature, 65. Weather, cloudless.

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